THE DAILY STAR.

TUESDAY..........JANUARY 19

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE CITY.

THE number of "indignant" people is growing less daily.

ANOTHER message on financial matters is expected from the Executive to-morrow or Thursday.

WE have not heard of as much "jumping" on account of the last issue of the Capital as was announced.

ONE hundred thousand dollars is the little sum Boss Shepherd wants from Whitelaw Reid for the ventilating he received at the hands of the Tribune.

KING ALFONSO is very forgiving. He employed his time yesterday in receiving Generals of the Spanish Army, who were conspicuous Republicans. He does not care as much for what men have been, as what they can be made.

THE STAR suggested, at the time the recommendation for a branch mint in the West was made, that Cincinnati was the proper place for its location, and that an effort should be made to secure it. We are glad to see that Gen. Banning proposes to make the effort, and has introduced a bill into Congress to that effect.

MR. WHITELAW REID, in his examination yesterday, gave the Committee a piece of valuable information in remarking that "great injustice is done to journalists in supposing that they must have personal knowledge of everything they write, which in the nature of things is not possible, perhaps, once in a thousand times."

IGNATIUS DONNELLY is as happy as one could reasonably expect a man to be. He is to receive the complimentary vote of the minority for United States Senator from his State, Minnesota. The probability is that if the party had succeeded in securing a majority in the Legislature Ignatius would have been laid aside altogether, but as it is he is happy in enjoying the empty honors of a complimentary vote, while Ramsey will be recalled to the Senate.

THE GREAT FRAUD AT BROOKLYN.

Not long ago we expressed the opinion that the superiority of Beecher's counsel would insure the defeat of Tilton even against the merits of the case.

We have now to add that the most imposing fraud of the age is being perpetrated before Judge Neilson, of Brooklyn. The trial is a sublime farce.

Among the publications incident to this lofty and ludicrous scandal was the instruction Mr. Bowen gave to Mr. Tilton when the latter was editor of the daily journal in Brooklyn owned by the former: "You must remember that the biggest thing in Brooklyn is Plymouth Church, and the biggest thing in Plymouth Church is Beecher." Of course Tilton was expected to do all reverence to those two biggest things and speak of them accordingly.

What now do we see in Judge Neilson's court? These two biggest things of Brooklyn are there in an imposing force. Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Beecher are there in their very best mood, and Mr. Beecher stretches up to a moral attitude that he never before attained. The best and the biggest of Plymouth Church are there in all their plentitude, lending their moral support to the illustrious defendant, around whom they gather at every adjournment of the court, as if he had just descended from heaven with a new gospel to deliver unto them. The impression which the accomplished actors of this part of the drama seek to make is, that, no matter what the testimony may be, it is absurd for the jury, the court or the neutral spectators to even suspect that "the biggest thing in Plymouth Church" can be guilty of any such offense as is charged.

On the other hand is Mr. Tilton, poor, forlorn and disconsolate. He has no church to back him, no friends to gather around him. He is unable to disguise feelings which such a spectacle is calculated to produce in one who has ventured all of honor and reputation upon the issue.

It is sought by the Plymouth party to make the contrast appear as great as possible between the two leading characters before the court. Mr. Beecher and his friends talk, and look, and act as if nothing but a triumphant defense could be possible.

This is all mere acting without any doubt. They know that public opinion is very much divided as to Mr. Beecher's guilt. They know that the great majority of the country, if not of the American Church itself, have at least serious doubts whether he is innocent. This fact should convince them that there is great danger of the result; and the danger that threatens should inspire very different feelings from those which they manifest.

It is consummate acting on their part, with the deliberate intention of securing such a verdict as they desire. In this sense we pronounce it the most remarkable fraud of the age. As to his guilt we have long since settled down to the belief that no one can have a clear opinion. It is a wonderful complication.

WORK FOR THE PATRONS AND THE SOVEREIGNS.

Count Montilambert, in his work on England's Future, takes the following correct account of office-seeking and place-hunting under the government:

"It is time for her statesmen to be well aware that the universal and immoderate desire of public employment is the worst of social maladies. It spreads through the whole body of the nation a servile and venal temper, which does not, by any means, exclude, even in the case of those not provided for, the spirit of faction and of anarchy. It creates a hope of starvelings capable of any extravagance in the desire to satisfy their appetite, and fit it for any meanness as soon as its cravings are appeased. A people of solicitors is the lowest of people; there is no humiliation that it may not be brought to submit to."

In view of our political history for the past many years it looks as if we had become a nation of office-seekers, place-hunters and soliciters, How many of our people who think themselves smart are not either seeking some office or place, or some favor from the Government?

Of our great capitalists, how many of them are not enjoying or are not seeking some special legislation or Executive favor? There are special chartered privileges, public jobs, subsidies, protective advantages and other governmental favors which enlist the selfishness, zeal and rascality of a great army of seekers of unearned wealth.

Then count the rank and file of the office-seekers and place-hunters in the two great parties, and we have another army whose number is formidable and whose demoralization is shocking. The grand aggregate of solicitors in this country almost warrants the charge that we are a nation of solicitors, and are rapidly becoming "the lowest of people."

Public sentiment should correct this abuse and utterly abolish this abomination. It should be deemed so scandalous to seek office or a government clerkship, or to solicit the aid of law for private interests, that no one would presume to "face a frowning world." It is for the people to develop this healthy sentiment. No office-seeker should receive a nomination. It may be taken for granted that no office-seeker is trustworthy. There is only a limited number of exceptions.

There are two organizations that can become adequate to this great reformation—the Patrons of Husbandry and the Sovereigns of Industry. Let these associations strengthen themselves until they can control the country, and the politics and government of the nation can be regenerated. This is the only civil service reform that can ever be made effective in this republic.

The Patrons and the Sovereigns can render it practicable to secure the best and the ablest men for all official positions, and thus make the honors of office the reward of merit instead of a premium for the cunning and corruption that scandalize the nation and demoralize the people.

Verily, Mr. Beecher is a most extraordinary man, and conducts himself, considering his position before the world at the present moment, in a most extraordinary manner. He is now on trial for one of the worst crimes that can be charged against a clergyman. He is to be proved either one of the wickedest hypocrites of the age or one of the most wickedly abused and libelled of men. And yet, when he should maintain a dignified reserve, a manly bearing, he is hobnobbing and joking with his enemy's counsel, and chattering over the incidents of the trial as it progresses like the most entertained and thoughtless of spectators. During the trial of the newspapers of this deplorable case, last summer, we held stoutly to the ground that the evidence produced, after the most thorough examination and analysis in no way proved him guilty, but on the contrary warranted the belief that he was the victim of a foul conspiracy. And we most heartily wish the present trial will result in a verdict of not guilty. But we must say that Mr. Beecher, by his conduct, repeatedly tries the patience of his stoutest friends, and if he did but know it greatly prejudices his case.—[Boston Globe.

Don't Stay Long.

"Don't stay long, husband," said a young wife, tenderly, in my presence, one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were significant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied spoke volumes. It told all the vast depths of a woman's love—of her grief, when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband"—and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife, sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, and every few moments running to the door to see if he was in sight, and, finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming in disappointed tones, "Not yet!"

"Don't stay long, husband"—and I again thought I could see the young wife, rocking nervously in the great armchair and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

"Don't stay long, husband"—and the young wife's look seemed to say—for here in your own sweet home is a loving heart whose music is hushed when you are absent; here is a soft breast to lay your head upon, and here are pure lips, unsoiled by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon.

Oh, you that have wives to say "Don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try, just a little, to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems too seldom replaced. You can not find amid the pleasures of the world the quiet joy that a home, blessed with such a woman's presence, will afford.

Husbands, would you bring sunshine and joy into your homes? Then spend your leisure hours with your families, and employ the time in pleasant words and kind actions, and you will realize in all richness what is so beautifully described by the poet:

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the Fall."

The English fashion of bride-maids without groomsmen is followed this winter. The ushers who seat the guests escort the bride-maids. The ushers wear full dress always, even when the groom is attired in English morning costume. A small square bow of white gros-grain ribbon, with perhaps a white rose-bud in it, is worn in the breast of the usher's coat.

Why if birds cease to sing, may wet, and probably thunder be expected? Because birds are depressed by an unfavorable change in the atmosphere, and lose their joyful spirits which give rise to their songs.

A temperance lecturer who two years ago took pride in his striking resemblance to Grant, recently disguised himself by shaving all the beard from his face and brushing up his black silk hat. He takes pride in it no longer.

BEAUTY.

Cherished hopes of golden treasure
Happy days of sweetest pleasure,
Quickly fly;
Kindest Nature's fairest flowers,
Bloom but for the Summer hours,
Fade and die.

But the seeds of Beauty planted,
Where true mem'ry's sunshine granted,
Ne'er depart.
Blooming there with flow'rets fairest,
Filling with a perfume rarest,
All the heart.

The Snuff-Colored Suit.

I scarcely know how it happened, but a timber must have fallen and struck me on the head.

The first thing that I realized after it was that I was straight and still on something hard, and when I tried to move myself and speak, I found it impossible to do so. I concluded that I must be in some very tight, dark place, for I could not see; in fact I soon learned that, though perfectly conscious, I could do nothing but hear. A door opened and footsteps approached; but I felt a cloth taken from my face, and a voice which I recognized as that of Mr. Jones—the father of my wife that was to be—said:

"He hasn't changed much;" and his companion, whose voice I knew to be the village undertaker, Hopkins by name, remarked lightly:

"Better-looking dead than alive. How does Jerusha feel about it? Take on much?"

"Oh, no, she had her eye on another fellow anyhow, and a better match, too, excepting the money part. Though I had nothing against Ben, only he didn't know much, and was about the homeliest man I ever knew. Such a mouth; why it really seemed as though he was going to swallow knife, plate, and all, when he opened it at dinner."

"Well," said the cheerful voice of Hopkins, "he'll never open his mouth again," and then he proceeded to measure me for my coffin, for it seemed that I was dead. I had heard of undertakers who always whistled joyfully when they got a measure, but I never believed it before. But that man actually whistled a subdued dancing-tune while he measured me, and it seemed to me that three or four icicles were rolling down my back, to the music of his whistle.

His duty done, they covered my face again and left me to my own reflections, which were not particularly comforting, although I had often heard it remarked, that meditation was good for the soul, and this was the best chance I had ever had of trying it.

An hour must have passed when the door again opened, and two persons came whispering along to where I lay, and the voice of my promised wife fell upon my ear.

"I dread to look at him, Bob; he was so mortal homely, alive, he must be frightful, dead."

"I ground my teeth in imagination, as I remembered how often she had gone into raptures, or pretended to, over my noble brow, and expressive mouth; and how she had often declared that if I were taken away from her she would surely pine away and die.

One of them raised the cloth, and I knew that they were looking at me. Bob was her second cousin, and I knew that he was that "other fellow," whom her father had mentioned.

"Seems to me you don't feel very bad about his dying, 'Rusha," remarked Bob, meditatively.

"Well, to tell the truth," said my dear betrothed, "I don't care very much about it. If he had lived I should have married him, because he was rich, and father wanted me to; but I was getting sick of my bargain, for I knew I should always be ashamed of him, he looked so like a baboon."

"But you loved him," remarked Bob.

"No, I didn't. My affections were wasted long ago upon one who never returned my love;" and my fast fading idol sighed heavily.

"They had covered my face by this time, and were standing a few steps from where I lay.

"About how long ago, 'Rusha?" asked Bob.

"A year, or such a matter," with another deep sigh, which ended in a fit of sneezing.

"About the time I went away," interrogated the cautious Bob, coughing a little.

"Well, yes, some'res near," assented my dear affianced.

Now, Jerusha, you don't mean to insinuate that I"—

"I don't mean to insinuate anything, Bob Smith," and the angelic sweetness of her voice was somewhat sharpened.

"Now, see here, 'Rusha, I've loved you ever since you were knee high to a gopher, but I thought when you came home that you was sweet on that other chap; but I swan I believe you liked me all the time.

"Oh, Bob," said my was-to-be, in a gushing sort of way.

"Mine own Jerusha!" remarked Bob.

Then I heard a subdued rush, accompanied by violent lip explosions. I tried to kick, or grate my teeth, or do something to relieve my outraged feeling, but not a kick nor a grate could I raise. It was an awful fire to be in, but I had to stand it, or rather lay it, so I lay still and let 'em alone until they got tired of it, and then they went out, and I was again left to my own pleasant reflections.

Night came, and so did a lot of young fellows with their girls, to sit up with me, and they had a jolly time of it, although it was against my principles to enjoy it on so solemn an occasion.

It seemed an age until morning, but it came at last and they went away. I heard them say that I was to be buried that day at 2 o'clock, and I was beginning to feel decidedly shaky, when Jerusha and her mother came into the room and began arranging for the funeral.

"'Rusha," said her mother, "here is that snuff-colored suit of poor Ben's; of course he will never have any more use for clothes, so just put them away among your carpet-rags; they'll make a splendid stripe."

Now that particular suit of clothes was just the neatest one I ever owned, arm-holes, collars, wrist-bands, buttons, all just the thing, and my blood boiled to hear them talk so coolly of using them for stripes in a rag-carpet. They kept on talking as they swept, dusted and cleaned up the room.

"Bob says he will take the Martin farm to work this year," said Jerusha, cheerfully, "and as soon as we are married we shall go to housekeeping in that little cottage close to the road. Now I must get my carpet done, just as soon as possible, for I want it in that nice little front room. These duds of Ben's will make out enough rags, I guess. His folks live so far away they will never inquire about his clothes. Now, if it wasn't for the looks of it, we could ask old Mother Smith about coloring yellow; she's sure to be here to-day."

I was getting very mad now, indeed. I felt that the crisis was near, and that I should either die or explode if they did not let my snuff-colored suit alone. Jerusha picked them up—I knew it, for I heard the buckles and buttons jingle—and made for the door. I tried to shake my fist and yell at her, but all in vain. I lay there, outwardly as quiet as a lamb, inwardly boiling with wrath. It was too much; the deepest trance could not have held out against the loss of that suit. With a powerful effort I sprang up and screamed, Jerusha dropped my clothes and her mother the duster, and both fled from the room and the house, never stopping until they reached Dr. Brown's across the street. With difficulty I managed to get my clothes. I had just got them fairly on, when Mrs. Jones and her daughter, followed by a numerous company of men, women and children, came peeping cautiously into the room. I sat on my board and looked at them. Such a scared-looking crowd was enough to amuse an owl, so I laughed; I knew it was unbecoming, but I couldn't have helped it if they had chucked me into my coffin—which the undertaker was just carrying past the window—and buried me the next minute. I laughed until I jarred the chair out from under one end of the board, and down I went with a crash. Then the doctor ventured into the room, saying, rather dubiously:

"So you are not dead yet, Ben?"

"Well, no, not exactly," I replied; "sorry to disappoint my friends about the funeral, however."

"Yes," he said, rather absently, "bad, rather—that is—ahem!"

"Fooled out of that snuff-colored stripe!" I thought, as I looked at Jerusha.

"Go and speak with him," said her father, in a stage whisper. "He's got the stamps, and you had better marry him after all.'

They began to gather around me and congratulate me on my escape. I noticed that they cried a great deal more than when I was dead. Jerusha came and hung around my neck, sniveling desperately. I gave her a not over-gentle push and told her to wait next time until I was safely buried before she set her heart on my old clothes.

"O, I am so glad!" she said, sweetly, without appearing to notice what I said about the clothes—"that you are not dead, Benny dear. My heart seemed all withered and broken to see you lying all cold and white. I wept bitterly over your pale face, my beloved."

"Yes," I replied, "I heard you and Bob taking on terribly. It was a lucky die for me."

"Could you hear she gasped.

"I rather think I could some," I replied.

She looked toward the door, but it was crowded full, so she made a dive for the open window, and went through it like a deer. She shut herself up in the smoke-house, and would not come out until after I had left the house.

Bob would not fill his promise of marriage with his cousin because she tried to make up with me again; so she is living a life of single blessedness.

While I am writing, my wife is cutting up my snuff-colored clothes to make a stripe in a new carpet for our front room.

A Fatal Mistake.

A sad case was heard in the Greenwich Police Court in London the other day. A young woman named Florence Helps was charged with wounding Wm. Mann in the face with an umbrella. It appears that the prisoner and another young woman while out walking were followed by a knot of troublesome boys. One of the party trod on Miss Helps' dress and made offensive remarks to her. She told them to go away, but they continued to molest her and her friend, and at last Florence Helps made a thrust at Mann with her umbrella. Unfortunately the umbrella struck him in the face and in the left eye. He fell down, hitting his head against the curbstone, and became insensible. Florence Helps assisted in raising him and carrying him to the nearest surgery. She gave the medical gentleman his fee, and also paid for the cab in which the unlucky lad was conveyed to the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich. Subsequently she called on the boy's parents, and the next morning she went to the hospital to inquire after him. The case is, according to medical testimony, very peculiar, for, although he is likely to recover from the effects of the wound made by the umbrella, rupture of the brain has supervened on the blow of the head he caught on falling; he has become paralyzed on one side, and has lost his memory. Miss Helps was committed to jail to await her trial, bail being refused.

"Ladies" and "Gentlemen."

"Lady," and its corresponding "gentleman," may, because of this adjective force which inheres in them, appropriately be used as predicates, provided they stand alone. But for the same reason it is utterly inappropriate to use them as predicates, or in any other form, *with an adjective attached*. The rule is not optional, but one which good sense and cultivated usage have combined to fix with iron strictness. The highest breeding, we know, tends always to approach the utmost simplicity, both in manner and in language, and prefers such wholesome, downright terms as *man, woman, girl*, to any affected substitute. Severe as it may seem, any violation of the rule we have hinted at casts a shade of suspicion on the education and antecedents of the culprit. When our neighbor at the hotel-table describes a guest opposite as "a very intelligent gentleman," or "a charming young lady," he does no more it is true than is common enough among numberless worthy and amiable people; but he is wrong for all that. The taste of a sensitive hearer easily takes offense at such slight matter, and the sin against style is apt to create a prejudice in regard to more essential things.

A Word to Young Men.

Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing office, twenty apprentices in a shipyard, twenty young men in a village—all want to get along in the world and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become a partner, and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master-builder; one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky? There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who gains friends by deserving them and who saves spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old, dusty highway; but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and a serene old age, all go in this hard, dusty road.

The Mystery of the Human Throat.

Dr. Frederick Fieber, of Vienna, like the little boy with his drum, not content with enjoying the melody of Madam Pauline Lucca, has made a close scrutiny of the throat whence the sweet sounds issue, and publishes the result of his investigations. The mechanical apparatus which is the instrument of the mental faculty, appears, in Madame Lucca's case, to be beautifully perfect, the result to some extent, perhaps of congenital fitness, but also doubtless, partly of the scientific training to which the artiste has been subjected in early youth. Examined under the laryngoscope, the larynx appears small and well shaped, its several parts being marvelously developed and perfect. The true strings are pure snow white and possess none of the bluish tinge common among women. Although shorter than usual among vocalists they are stronger in proportion and amply provided with muscle. When at rest they are partially screened by the false strings; but Dr. Feber, who watched Madame Lucca's throat through his instrument whilst she was singing, noticed that as soon as a tone was struck, they displayed themselves in their full breadth and strength. The aid given by a suitable form of mouth to the production of vocal music is a novel and interesting point brought out by Dr. Fieber. On being admitted to a view of the artiste's mouth he was at once struck with the spaciousness and symmetry of its hollow, the otherwise perfect symmetry being impaired only by the absence of a tonsil, which had been removed, as well as with the vigor with which every tone produced raised the "sail" of the palate. Dr. Fieber is of opinion that the natural conformation of her mouth accounts in a large measure for the wonderful power Madame Lucca possesses of raising and dropping her voice alternately. The sound waves are naturally strengthened in so favorably shaped a space, while the muscles of the palate appeared to have acquired exceptional strength and pliability by long practice.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Mr. John P. Jewett, famous at one time as the publisher of Uncle Tom's Cabin, tells some interesting facts connected with the publication of that work. When Professor and Mrs. Stowe came to Boston to negotiate about it, Professor Stowe was very conscientious, and after agreeing to let Jewett publish it, said he did not believe it right. He was sure Mr. Jewett would lose money; none would want to read an anti-slavery novel except those who read it in the Era. Of course the publisher said it was his risk. Then the question came up whether the copyright should be sold in full or retained, Mr. Jewett strongly advising the latter course. So the contract was closed, Professor Stowe remarking, with a dubious smile, "I shall be well pleased if Harriet gets a good black silk dress out of it." Subsequently Professor Stowe (after the book began to sell and was noticed) confessed they dared to hope that they might really get enough out of it to buy a little cottage and quarter of an acre of ground.

The financial romance came when the first payment for copyright was made. It consisted of a check for $10,000. The author—then famous, but not realizing the money value of her fame—with her husband, the simple-minded professor, stood looking with a dazed surprise and perplexity at the little bit of paper by which they were informed that the Tremont Bank would pay to Harriet Beecher Stowe or order the sum of $10,000. At last, with a queer and almost pathetic simplicity, the professor asked the publisher what he should do with it. Doubtless that gentleman would now be surprised at his own simplicity. It was questionable then whether he had ever seen a check before, and certainly he had as little knowledge as most women have of the mode of banking operations.

Mr. Jewett, fearing they might easily be swindled or robbed, went with them to the bank, having first advised them to open an account, to keep but little money about them, and draw a check when they wanted any. At the bank the professor was introduced to the cashier and then to the directors, a board meeting being in progress. The gentlemen were all desirous of meeting Mr. Stowe. As Mr. Jewett expressed it, the professor sat in every chair in the room during the few minutes the clerks consumed in opening an account current. Mrs. Stowe remained at the publisher's office. There were, of course, pleasant hopes and associations in that home and family on that date. The famous book sold by million copies. The unaffected, simple little lady was soon transformed into the renowned authoress, and "the Beecher," as Mr. Jewett expresses it, became from that date the uppermost trait. He paid in all over $36,000 for the copyright.

Taste in Color.

In rooms to be lived in simply white for color of walls and paint, as well as any extreme dark treatment, should be avoided. The walls of rooms should be of such backgrounds as will best suit the complexions and dresses of the larger number of people. Delicate white intensifies, by contrast, any unpleasantness or want of perfection; extreme dark would make people look white and ghastly. Neutral colors will be found the best—generally some gray or cool color that will contrast with the warmth of complexions. On no account let an absolutely pure color be used for general surfaces. Nature provides no such color in pigments. Her yellows are greenish or reddish, and so on. Nor does she use it to any extent in inanimate nature; so much so that you will find that, if you have much difficulty in describing a color, you may be certain it is good—the more difficulty the more beauty. Nature trusts mainly to graduations of tone, using vivid colors in small quantities only, as in the touches on bright flowers and butterflies. The teaching of nature will be found seconded in the pictures of the greatest artists, and in following such teachings it is necessary to consider the object to which (in domestic work, say) the rooms are to be devoted. A drawing room, it is agreed, should be light, festive and gay; a dining room, at once more sober, and with more depth and warmth, as befits its uses. You must also consider the light and shade, openings and positions of them, for these may or may not effect for you contrasts of tone, and may even touch the question of the good sense of your whole scheme of decoration.

The Minnesota papers are unanimous that Congressman-elect King must clear his skirts of the Pacific Mail business or retire to his private business.

LAW REPORT.

SUPERIOR COURT—GENERAL TERM.

Before Judges Tilden, Yaple and O'Connor. Wesley M. Cameron and Alexander Starbuck, Administrators of C. W. Starbuck, deceased, v. A. W. Francisco and Asa M. Clark. This is a reservation of a motion made by the defendants to confirm the findings and decision of the late Judge Walker as Referee, and to enter judgment thereon.

The action was one for an account, the plaintiffs averring that the defendants were partners of the deceased from January 1, 1868, to the time of his death, November 15, 1870, in the publication of the "Daily and Weekly Times" newspaper in this city; that each of the defendants owned one-sixteenth of the property of the firm, including the good will of the newspaper, and that deceased owned the balance; that the property had been sold and partial settlements made between plaintiffs and defendants; that the books of the firm were kept by the defendant Clark, and that certain errors appear therein affecting the accounts of the individual partners, which alleged errors are set out in the petition.

The defendants deny this, saying that they had been given 1-16 each, and were allowed $45 per week salary, as the books show, and that their claims of $2,000 each for carrying on the business after the death of the proprietor, in November, 1870, to April, 1871, is just, and they demand their share of the dues to the firm.

On the trial before the referee certain errors were admitted by the defendants, and certain claims made by them disallowed, the referee deciding that the charges made for wages while the partnership lasted, and to the date of the sale thereof were just, and allowing the claim for carrying on the business after the death of the deceased.

The referee further decided that the defendants in the settlement of the accounts of the firm, were not entitled to include the prepaid subscriptions to the paper.

The motion of the defendants to confirm the referee's report is granted and judgment will be entered thereon.

The Episcopal Parish of Christ Church of Glendale v. Samuel Fosdick. The facts in this case have been reported a number of times. The syllabus of the Court (Judge Yaple announcing the decision) is as follows:

Where a subscription is made to a religious corporation or church incorporation under the laws of this State, being for certain specified purposes and the church, while the subscription remains wholly executory, no liability being incurred by it for any of the objects contemplated by such subscription, by resolution diverts such subscription fund to other objects than those authorized by the subscribers, which it afterward does so divert, and a subscriber objects to such diversion, and, therefore, denies to the corporation his liability and refuses to pay the subscription, he may thus rescind his executory contract, and the corporation can not recover, even if the fund be afterward restored to its original purpose.

The State v. Frank Meyers. The defendant, a lad of sixteen years, pleaded guilty of grand larceny in stealing a horse and buggy from J. A. Thompson. An application will be made to send the boy to the Reform School at Lancaster.

PROBATE COURT.

The will of Johanna C. Lutz was probated yesterday. The testatrix made the following bequests: $50 to the Swiss Benevolent Society of Cincinnati, $50 to the Greutli Society, $50 to the Swiss Mænnerchor Society and $100 to the Protestant Orphan Assylum on Mt. Auburn. Chas. Lutzelschat was appointed executor. Estate, $7,000 in personalty.

Real Estate Transfers.

L. C. Hopkins and wife to C. W. Mayer, lot 58, in the grantor's third addition to Norwood, 50 by 138 feet—$625.

R. A. Johnston and wife to Apalonia Eible, a strip 7 by 90 feet off a lot 25 by 113 5-6 feet on the east side of Freeman street, 125 feet north of Bank street, quitclaim—$185.

Thomas Murdock and wife to C. A. G. Adae, Trustee, lot 10½ by 100 feet, on the south side of Clinton street, 150 feet east of Cutter street—$9,500.

G. W. Jones and wife to same, lot 17 5-6 by 80 feet, on the north side of East Pearl street, 125½ feet east of Main street—$12,700.

W. and R. Kirby to Richard Shafer, 5 years' lease of a lot 100 by 341 16-100 feet, and fronting 198 feet on Valley street, on the northwest corner of Cumminsville avenue and Straight street, at an annual rent of $175.

L. C. Hopkins and wife to Augustus Goodloe, lot 18, in the grantor's third addition to Norwood, 50 by 150 feet—625.

Same to John Wagner, lot 43, same subdivision, 50 by 125 feet—$625.

Bernice F. Orndorff to Catherine Rees, lot 60 by 100 feet, on the west side of Vine street, 51 feet south of Walnut street, Wyoming—$300.

Peter Kirchner to Geo. Kocher, 50 acres, in Section 5, Whitewater township—$1,000.

Mary Sampson to Henry Niehaus, lot 25 by 90 feet, on the west side of Rice street, 485 feet north of Mulberry street—$900.

J. C. Walking and wife to J. H. Dunzelmann, lot 20 by 90 feet, on the east side of Broadway, 60 feet north of Sixth street—$7,000.

Ellen McCormick, guardian, to Henry Mack, 10 years' lease of the stores Nos. 146 and 146½ West Sixth street, at an annual rent of $4,000.

S. and L. Roll to Alfred L. Carpenter 13 52-100 acres, in Section 33, Millcreek Township—$5,820.

F. N. Mayhew and wife to E. M. Smith, Lots 6, 7, 14, 21, 25, 26, 32, 33, 42, 43, 48, and 51, in Jeans' subdivision, in Section 25, Millcreek Township, Twenty-fourth Ward—$3,000.

J. J. Hopple and wife to Mary D. Ballwark, lot 25 by 40 feet, on the east side of Burns street, 67 feet south of the C., H. & D. Railroad, Twenty-first Ward, quit claim—165.

Mary E. Roberts and others per Sheriff to G. A. Smith, lot 20 by 100, on the north side of Eighth street, 225½ feet west of Mound—$6,400.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

	Depart, Cin'ti.	Arrive, Cin'ti.	Arrive Destinat'n.
New York Ex. daily..	9:40 A.M.	5:00 A.M.	7:15 P.M.
New York Ex. daily..	9:50 P.M.	5:30 P.M.	7:05 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Dayton Ex. daily......	9:40 A.M.	5:30 P.M.	11:55 A.M.
Dayton Ex. daily......	9:50 P.M.	5:00 A.M.	12:05 A.M.
Toledo Ex..............	7:00 A.M.	10:25 P.M.	4:30 P.M.
Toledo Ex. daily.......	9:50 P.M.	5:00 A.M.	6:35 A.M.
Toledo Ac..............	2:30 P.M.	4:00 P.M.	11:40 P.M.
Indianapolis Ac.......	7:30 A.M.	10:25 P.M.	1:00 P.M.
Indianapolis Ac.......	2:30 P.M.	1:30 P.M.	8:10 P.M.
Connersville Ac........	4:20 P.M.	9:40 A.M.	7:25 P.M.
Richmond Ac...........	2:30 P.M.	1:30 P.M.	7:40 P.M.
Chicago Ex.............	7:30 A.M.	9:25 P.M.	8:40 P.M.
Chicago Ex. daily......	7:00 P.M.	9:00 A.M.	7:40 A.M.
Dayton Ac..............	5:00 P.M.	9:40 A.M.	7:25 P.M.
Hamilton Ac...........	9:15 A.M.	1:30 P.M.	10:25 A.M.
Hamilton Ac...........	6:10 P.M.	7:55 A.M.	7:20 P.M.
Hamilton Ac...........	11:30 P.M.	6:45 A.M.	12:45 A.M.
Hamilton Ac...........	4:20 P.M.	7:10 P.M.	5:35 P.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND INDIANAPOLIS.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Indianapolis Ac.........	7:30 A.M.	10:30 P.M.	1:00 P.M.
Indianapolis Ac.........	2:30 P.M.	1:30 P.M.	8:10 P.M.
Connersville Ac.........	4:20 P.M.	9:40 A.M.	7:25 P.M.

CINCINNATI, RICHMOND AND CHICAGO.

Depot, Fifth and Hoadly. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Chicago Ex..............	7:30 A.M.	9:25 P.M.	8:40 P.M.
Chicago Ex. daily......	7:00 P.M.	9:00 A.M.	7:40 A.M.
Richmond Ac...........	2:30 P.M.	1:30 P.M.	7:40 P.M.

LITTLE MIAMI, PAN-HANDLE, EAST.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 7 minutes fast.

New York Ex. daily..	7:00 A.M.	2:50 P.M.	11:45 A.M.
New York Ex...........	1:20 P.M.	P.M.	7:35 P.M.
New York Ex. daily.	7:10 P.M.	5:15 A.M.	10:30 P.M.
C. & M.V. Ac............		4:15 P.M.	6:35 P.M.
Springfield Ac..........	4:00 P.M.	10:30 A.M.	8:10 P.M.
Morrow Ac..............	5 P.M.	8:45 A.M.	7:15 P.M.
Loveland Ac............	12:05 P.M.	7:10 P.M.	1:25 P.M.
Loveland Ac............	6:20 P.M.	6:45 A.M.	7:40 P.M.
Loveland Ac............	11:30 P.M.		12:45 A.M.

The 7 A.M. and 4 P.M. trains connect for Yellow Springs and Springfield. The Church train leaves Loveland Sundays at 9 A.M., and returning leaves Cincinnati at 2 P.M.

CINCINNATI AND MUSKINGUM VALLEY.

Depot, Front and Kilgour. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Zanesville Ex...........		4:15 P.M.	6:15 P.M.
Circleville Ac..........	4:00 P.M.	10:30 A.M.	9:10 P.M.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.

Depot, Mill and Front. Time, 12 minutes slow.

St. Louis Ex.............	6:30 A.M.	9:00 P.M.	7:30 P.M.
St. Louis " daily.	7:30 P.M.	8:00 A.M.	8:15 A.M.
Louisville Ex. daily.	5:30 A.M.	3:10 P.M.	10:00 A.M.
Louisville Mail.........	6:30 A.M.	9:00 P.M.	12:00 M.
Louisville Ex...........	7:30 P.M.	9:00 P.M.	12:20 P.M.
Osgood Accom..........	4:30 P.M.	8:50 A.M.	6:50 P.M.

MARIETTA AND CINCINNATI.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Park'b'g Ex.	9:00 A.M.	5:25 A.M.	5:25 P.M.
Park'b'g Ex...........	4:30 P.M.	7:00 P.M.	11:30 P.M.
Park'b'g Ex. daily....	11:10 P.M.	6:00 P.M.	6:50 A.M.
Chillicothe Ac..........	3:30 P.M.	9:30 A.M.	8:35 P.M.
Hillsboro Ac............	3:30 P.M.	9:30 A.M.	6:25 P.M.
Loveland Ac............	9:15 A.M.	7:00 A.M.	10:34 A.M.
Loveland Ac............	5:00 P.M.	8:00 A.M.	6:25 P.M.
Loveland Ac............	6:30 P.M.	3:30 P.M.	7:43 P.M.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA PARKERSBURG.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Baltimore Ex. daily.	9:00 A.M.	5:25 A.M.	10:20 A.M.
Baltimore (Ex. Sat.)	4:30 P.M.	7:00 P.M.	1:50 P.M.
Baltimore Ex. daily.	11:10 P.M.	6:00 P.M.	10:40 P.M.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA COLUMBUS.

Depot, Kilgour and Front. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Baltimore Ex. daily..	7:00 A.M.	10:35 A.M.	10:20 A.M.
Baltimore Ex...........	7:10 P.M.	10:35 P.M.	10:40 P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Cleveland Ex...........	11:20 A.M.	6:10 P.M.	9:30 P.M.
New York Ex. daily.	9:40 P.M.	6:20 A.M.	7:10 A.M.
Springfield Ex..........	8:40 A.M.	4:00 P.M.	12:10 P.M.
Springfield Ac..........	3:50 P.M.	10:30 A.M.	7:30 P.M.
Dayton Ac...............	6:02 P.M.	7:45 A.M.	8:35 P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND COLUMBUS.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Columbus Ex...........	6:30 A.M.	8:35 P.M.	11:50 A.M.
Columbus Ex...........	8:40 A.M.	4:00 P.M.	4:40 P.M.
Columbus Ac............	3:50 P.M.	10:30 P.M.	10:10 P.M.

CINCINNATI AND SANDUSKY.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.

Sandusky Ex............	8:40 A.M.	6:10 P.M.	7:00 P.M.
Sandusky Ex. daily...	9:40 P.M.	6:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.
Kenton Ac..............	3:50 P.M.	10:30 A.M.	10:40 P.M.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL.

Depot, 8th and Washington, Covington. City time.

Nicholasville Ex.......	7:00 A.M.	6:20 P.M.	12:35 P.M.
Nicholasville Ac........	2:00 P.M.	11:30 A.M.	8:10 P.M.
Nicholasville Mixed..	7:30 P.M.	4:20 A.M.	6:00 A.M.
Falmouth Ac............	4:00 P.M.	9:00 A.M.	6:30 P.M.

INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI AND LAFAYETTE.

Depot, Pearl and Plum. City time.

St. Louis Ex.............	7:[illegible]0 A.M.	8:45 A.M.	9:25 P.M.
Chicago Ex..............	7:[illegible]0 A.M.	8:45 A.M.	8:00 P.M.
St. Louis Ex.............	2:00 P.M.	12:45 P.M.	6:45 A.M.
Chicago Ex. daily....	7:[illegible]0 P.M.	10:55 P.M.	7:15 A.M.
Lawrenceburg Ac......	9:30 A.M.	8:10 A.M.	11:05 A.M.
Lawrenceburg Ac......	5:00 P.M.	3:10 P.M.	6:30 P.M.
Valley Junction Ac..	6:00 P.M.	7:05 A.M.	7:00 P.M.

WHITEWATER VALLEY.

Depot, Mill and Front. Time, 12 minutes slow.

Ft. Wayne Ac...........	6:30 A.M.	6:20 P.M.	3:20 P.M.
Hagerstown Ac.......	4:00 P.M.	8:40 A.M.	8:20 P.M.